

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 16, 1866.

NUMBER 11.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NATHAN ADAMS,
Office in Court-house next to Post Office.
WILL PRACTICE LAW
in Chancery and Circuit courts of Giles. He will
Attend to the Collection of Claims
against the U. S. for Bounty, Pension, Back Pay,
or claims for property—and charge nothing in such
cases until the money is collected. Feb 16-5m

SOLON E. ROSE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House,
WILL PRACTICE
In the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties. Feb 16-5m

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 12-1f

T. M. N. JONES,
Attorney at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will Practice in Giles and the Adjoining Counties.
OFFICE,
West side Public Square, Up-stairs, over the Store of
May, Gordon & May, next door to the Tennessee
House. Feb 16-5m

B. G. STIVER PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
OFFICE
In Drug Store of Perkins & Heaberle, east side
of the public square. Jan 12-1f

BROWN & McALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
Office—This was formerly occupied by Walker
& Brown. Jan 5-1f

RUTLEDGE & REED,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,
Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention
given to the collection of claims. Office at corner
Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5-1f

LEON GODFREY,
Watch Maker & Jeweller,
PULASKI, TENN.
All kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry
done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.
Shop at Mason & Ezell's Store. Feb 16-1f

J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods
NOTIONS, &c.
No. 485 Main Street, Between Fifth and Sixth,
Jan 12-1f

MEDICAL CARD.
DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY,
Pulaski, Tenn.
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of
Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their
services to the people of Giles and the adjoining
counties; and hope by strict attention to business
to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

Special Attention Given to Surgery.
Having had ample experience in the Army during
the war, and being supplied with all the appliances
necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases
entrusted to their care.
Office near South-west Corner Public Square.
Jan 5-1f

TONSORIAL.
ALEX. & CALVIN, Knights of the Art Tonsorial,
invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the
elite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new
BARBER'S SALOON,
Over Taylor's store North side Public square.

F. H. REEL,
E. EDMUNDSON.

Ezell & Edmundson,
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted
STOCK OF GOODS,
Embracing a great variety,
All of which they offer at low prices—especially
A. their elegant stock of
Ready Made Clothing.
All kinds of Ready, all kinds of money, premium
and discount, taken at their market value.
Jan 5-1f

Sam. C. Mitchell & Co.,
House Carpenters & Joiners,
PULASKI, TENN.
ARE prepared to do all work in their line at short
notice and in the most approved style.
Window sash, Blinds and Doors made to order at
the best of prices.

FUNERAL UNDERTAKING.
We are prepared to furnish coffins of all kinds
and sizes at short notice. Jan 5-6m

FRUIT TREES!
I wish to inform the citizens of Giles county that
I have all kinds of Fruit Trees, which I wish to
sell from the
ROSE BANK NURSERY,
near Nashville, Tenn. Truett & Wiley, Proprietors.
All orders filled promptly five miles north of Pulaski,
on the Columbia pike, or left with P. May,
Pulaski, Tenn. A. P. MARTIN,
Jan 12-1f

M. D. Le MOINE,
ARCHITECT.
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 175. Jan 12-1f

Interesting Reminiscence of President Johnson.

A New York Herald correspondent traveling through Tennessee, lately, visited the town of Greenville, and put up at a hotel kept by a man who worked upon the same tailor bench with President Johnson, and who gave him the following story:

"There was a vast difference between Andy and I when we worked upon the same bench: I could spell b-a-k-e-r and he could not; but he could 'fix' me on a pair of breeches or a fine coat, and could get a better price for his work than I. He never made a garment that didn't fit, and never had a job returned. He was the best tailor I have ever met. When Andy got married he hadn't ten dollars in the world, and his wife was as poor as Naomi's daughters. Her mother said to her before she was married (calling her by name): 'I can give you all the money there is in the house—fifteen dollars—to help you about going to housekeeping; or I will take the money and give you a wedding'—which will you prefer?' 'Mother,' said she, 'I will take the wedding, and Andy and I'll work for money—won't we?' appealing to her lover. He assented, and the consequence was that the young couple had not one cent with which to 'set up' for themselves. After they were married, she taught him to read, and the world knows the rest," said the old man with a sigh of relief, as he stroked down his sandy wig, and puffed away at his old clay pipe. Oh, wonderful plebeian! it is a long and rugged road that leads from the tailor's bench at Greenville to the Presidential chair in Washington; but that wonderful trip through Cumberland Gap has told its tale."

Before the War.

How smoothly, harmoniously, grandly, moved the machinery of the colossal republic before the war! How every star shone over a proud, free people, who dwelt beneath it. They knew no superiors, and dared the world to touch the hem of the garment of American liberty. Without a navy, the combined maritime states of the world were afraid to insult one of our insignificant merchantmen, without an army, our territory was secure from hostile invasion. In the event of war, the people could be relied upon. The militia of the States were the bulwark of the Union, as well in war as in peace. At the National Capital, the great men of the day spoke for the people, in the interests of the people, and as the servants, not the masters, of the people. Congress was composed of men of dignity, patriotism, sense, honesty. The judiciary was unsullied. A judge of the Supreme Court held himself above the rabble and kept away from the stump of the demagogue. Our great rivers were covered with commerce, our railroad cars, loaded with the rich, untrammelled products of the fertile valleys, thundered through the land. Manufactures, agriculture, art, commerce, kept even pace in one grand, harmonious round. The country, from Maine to the Rio Grande, and from ocean to ocean was prosperous, and the people were happy.

How many a voice will say, in our generation, "Ah, this was before the war!" One hundred thousand widows, when they recur to their days of happiness, will sigh, "This was before the war!" I had a father, says the bright-eyed boy, upon whose breast I used to lie looking into his tender eyes, and listen to his manly voice, but it "was before the war." "Before the war—ah, before the war!"—Mem. Ledger.

Importance of Farmers Educating their Children.

Though every farmer should look first to the general fertility of his farm, as the foundation upon which all foundations are to be laid, he would be utterly wanting in the true spirit of his profession if he did not design, in due time to crown his whole work by every domestic comfort and appropriate rural ornament. The business of agriculture is not one of merely practical utility. The farmer is not necessarily a dull swain. His pursuits are consistent with the keenest admiration of the beautiful in nature and art, with the most refined taste, and with all the graces of civilized life. He owes to himself as a rational being, gifted with all the capabilities of his race, to the obligations of domestic duty, and above all, to the devotion which we all acknowledge, to that gentle sex whose smiles are the crowning bliss of life, to provide for his own and his family's enjoyment all the comforts and embellishments which belong to a mature civilization. Among other high duties is that of properly educating his children. And to such of them as are destined to pursue his own profession, he should give much more than that teaching which stops at the knowledge of the mere routine of farm practice.

A good agricultural education is both scientific and practical. The knowledge which is necessary to make a thoroughly intelligent farmer is to be drawn from a great variety of sources. Geology and mineralogy must instruct him as to the formation of the crust of the earth, the qualities and elements of the substances

which compose it, and the character, nature and properties of all the minerals imbedded in it. Chemistry will learn him to analyze the soil, to trace out every element of its fertility and its just proportion—will develop to him the principles of its exhaustion and replenishment, and guide him in every effort to improve and ameliorate. Indeed, without analytic chemistry he can never know the money value of the different kinds of food for stock—what kind supplies the bone, what the muscle and what lays on the fat. Botany will inform him of the nature and structure of plants, from the forest tree to the herb; of their uses, value, medical properties, and adaptation to the climate and soil of its residence. Entomology will teach him the habits of insects injurious to vegetation, and how to prevent or remedy as far as possible their attacks. Natural philosophy will explain to him the principles of mechanics, and from these he will be able to estimate the value of every mechanical contrivance employed or proposed in rural art.

Much important knowledge may be gathered from this source. These principles, for example, regulate the construction of wheat threshers and horse powers, the forms of good plows and their use, making them easy of draught and efficient in turning over the tough sward or crumbling the broken fallow. Even in the digging of a drain, the construction of a good axle-tree, or the proper harnessing a horse, the principles of natural philosophy are involved. In all these branches of science, the highest genius and the most persevering research have long been devoted to the ascertainment of truth, simple only when demonstrated, and of the greatest practical value to those who dream not of the learning and toil necessary for their discovery; and all these should be taught the agricultural pupil. It is gratifying to see the attention beginning to be paid to this kind of education in our country—to know that agricultural chemistry is becoming one of the branches of collegiate instruction, and that instructions are projected, and, indeed, in existence among us, where the best methods of rural art and every branch of farming work will be taught experimentally, practically and scientifically.

In such institutions the labors of the field, the barn and the workshop will be followed by the lessons of the school room. Thus practice and science will be combined, and the agricultural pupil will become the finished farmer.

Rebel Soldiers.

The rebel soldier, who surrendered at the close of the war, returned home, determined to make an honest living, and good all his promises to the general Government. The old men have been astonished, and are still loud in expressing their surprise and approbation at the laborious, constant vigilance of the surrendered rebel soldier. Many predicted that those men would be loafers, vagrants, felons; but the noble men who were the pride and glory of their country in arms, will be in peace, its honor and ornament, its bone and sinew. The South must look to this class to restore her prosperity and wealth—her glory and power.

All honor and praise to these gallant men! Everywhere they are beating their swords into plough-shares, and making useful and peaceful citizens. They have been true to their obligations to their Government, and equally as faithful in their duties as citizens. But few rebel soldiers live in idleness. Nearly all of them are laboring to recuperate their shattered fortunes. The records of our courts show that but few rebels are guilty of the large amount of crime committed in our midst. These men engaged in the late struggle for independence have done nothing to prevent a harmonious restoration of the Union. The Federal soldier has been magnanimous toward his vanquished foe. All the persecutions that have been proposed against the South, emanate from men who have never been in the army. The gallant men who have so often met each other in deadly conflict, have settled their differences and struck hands in friendship. We trust they may be able to drive from power the men whose breath of life is enmity and hate. The soldiers made peace ten months ago; but the aspiring demagogues whose tenure in office depends upon strife, never will make peace. Restoration of the Southern States in all their Constitutional rights will be the death of the Radicals, and hence they cannot afford to have peace and Union. And these men, whose only hope of existence depends upon practical disunion, set themselves up as the only Union party!

Memphis Avalanche.

One of the latest manifestations of the triumph of genius, was the other day given on the Fifth avenue skating pond, where a young man without legs of his own, but having a pair of artificial limbs, appeared to be enjoying himself as well as anybody on skates. He seemed to be as swift and graceful as any skater on the pond, meeting with no accident whatever. The manufacturer of the legs claimed that the affair was a hitherto unheard of feat.

Wearing of the Green.

THE ORIGINAL SONG.

This is the original ballad which has been sung all over the world wherever an Irishman or an Irishwoman have permission to sing the songs of their native land. It differs radically, however, from the "Wearing of the Green," as sung in "Arrah-na-Pogue," the latter being modernized to suit the times. The original is prohibited by the British Government as a seditious and treasonable melody calculated to injure the stability of the English monarchy. One of the French Generals, who was standing by when, a few years since, a sword was being presented by the Irish people to Marshal McMahon, suddenly turned to John Mitchell, one of the deputation, and addressed him in the very words of the '98th ballad—"How is old Ireland, and how does she stand?"

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

[A street ballad—1798.]
I'm a lad that's forced an exile
From my own native land,
For in this country I can't stand;
In this country I can't stand;
But while I am at liberty
I will make an escape,
I'm a poor distressed croppy
For the Green on my cap!
For the Green on my cap!
For the Green on my cap!
I'm distressed—but not disheartened—
For the Green on my cap!
But I'll go down to Belfast
To see that seaport gally,
And tell my aged parents
In this country I can't stay;
O, the dark will be their sorrow—
But no truer hearts I've seen,
And they'd rather see me dying
Than a traitor to the Green!
O, the wearing of the Green!
O, the wearing of the Green!
May the curse of Cromwell darken
Each traitor to the Green!

When I went down to Belfast,
And saw that seaport gally,
My aged parents blessed me,
And blessed poor Ireland,
Then I went into the Captain
And bargained with him cheap—
He told me that his whole ship's crew
Wore Green on the cap!
O, the Green on the cap!
O, the Green on the cap!
God's blessing guard the noble boys
With Green on the cap!
'Twas early the next morning
Our gallant ship set sail,
Kind Heaven did protect her,
With a pleasant Irish gale,
We landed safe in Paris,
Where victualing was cheap—
They knew we were United,
We wore Green on the cap!
We wore Green on the cap!
We wore Green on the cap!
They treated us like brothers
For the Green on the cap!

Then for a stepped young Boney,
And took me by the hand
Saying—"How is old Ireland,
And how does she stand?"
'Tis as poor, distressed a nation
As ever you have seen,
They are hanging men and women
For the wearing of the Green!
For the wearing of the Green!
For the wearing of the Green!
They are hanging men and women, too,
For wearing of the Green!

Take courage, my brave boys,
For here you have good friends,
And we'll send a convey with you,
Down by their Orange dens,
As if they should oppose us,
With our weapons sharp and keen,
We'll make them run and curse the day,
That ever they saw the Green!
That ever they saw the Green!
We'll show them our authority
For wearing of the Green!
O, may the wind of Freedom
Soon send young Boney o'er,
And we'll plant the Tree of Liberty
Upon our shamrock shore;
O, we'll plant it with our weapons
While the English tyrants gaze;
To see their bloody flag torn down,
To Green on the cap!
O, the wearing of the Green!
O, the wearing of the Green!
God grant us soon to see that day,
And freely wear the Green!

Camp Meeting Gazette.

A chap down South went to a camp-meeting, and gives the following amusing account of the disjointed conversation which he heard there:
"Yes, indeed," (two girls talking at once)
"and brother Tom says that Henry Soker brags about the many times he kissed her right in the mouth, and she never slaps him at all when nobody is nigh, and I am sure I should die if people should talk about me as they do about—"
"Corra is up again, you know, and I shall make at least six hundred barrels, if I make a peck, and consequently—"
"What a spectacle this is to be sure, chaw. Ah! wonder if these people—dam'd purty gal, ah! she—build theyah owa tent; owa hihw men to do it fowah 'em. Must be a great boah to—"
"Be married six weeks from last Thursday. I heard ma' talking about it, but really, you musn't mention it for the world; it is a great secret. Really, now, and she's as ugly as—"
"The finest sow you ever saw, sir; pure Berkshire, and has ten beautiful pigs. It was the best trade I ever made, and I wouldn't take thirty dollars for—"

Fashionable Women.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a great transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her tasks will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite a little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life—they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books; they set no good examples of virtue and woman life. If they have children, they are given to servants and nurses to rear. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent?

Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with charming the clouds.

According to the most reliable information we can obtain, the following distinguished Republicans support the President:

Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.
Hon. Wm. Dennison, Postmaster Gen'l.
Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury.
Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.
Gen. D. J. Cox, Governor of Ohio.
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.
Senators Cowan, Morgan, Norton, Van Winkle, Wiley, Doolittle, Dixon and Stuart, all Republicans.
Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, candidate for Vice President before the Republican Convention.

"If I lose the blade of my knife," asked a student of the Professor of Logic, "and get a new blade put into it, is it the same knife?" "Certainly," replied the Professor. "If I then lose the handle," queried the student, "and get a new one fitted to the blade, is it the same knife?" "Unquestionably," replied the Professor, "the same knife." "If somebody finds the blade and the old handle," continued the student, "and puts them together—"

At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, eighteen hours and a half; at Hamburg, seventeen hours; at St. Petersburg, nineteen hours; at Tornea, Finland, twenty-one hours and a half. At Walderhaus, Norway, the day lasts, without interruption, from the 21st of May to the 22d of July; and at Spitzbergen the longest day continues for three months and a half. At Hamburg the shortest day has seven hours; at St. Petersburg, five hours; at Tornea, two hours and a half.

WHAT IS WRONG with Washington? Has he gone out of favor? Is there anything in his lineaments no longer attractive? Has his calm, placid, majestic face lost its dignity. We ask these questions because we find that the Treasury Department, in issuing five-cent currency notes has taken off Washington's face and inserted a face that, to say the least, is not Washington's. It is Clark's!—Clark of the Treasury Department, who prints the currency and runs the presses.

MISS BLANCHE E. BUTLER, daughter of Mr. B. F. Butler, is now styled by the Washington newspaper correspondents "the Lowell heiress." Her inheritance of "silver spoons" it is said, will be a fortune in itself.

At a concert in Pekin, Illinois, recently, a real negro man came into the hall, escorting a white woman, and took a front seat. A slight commotion was raised, and the "Moor" and his "Desdemona" were compelled to take a back seat.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

A deacon once advised his wife—"Never place so much confidence in your minister as to sleep during his sermon."

TEETH are the last bones of the body to decay after death, and the first before it.

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